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THE OBSERVATOR.

The Country-man *turn'd* Obſervator *during the* Obſervator's *Illneſs. His Account of the* Popes *Feuds. Of the* Obſervator's *Writings. Of the* High-Flying *Stories in relation to the Duke of* Savoy.

From Wednesday September the 19th, to Saturday September the 22d, 1705.

Obſ. HOneſt *Country-man*, you have brought me into the Scrape, and I expect you ſhall uſe your beſt endeavours to bring me out of it; you know my Indiſpoſition, and that I am not able to ſpeak much.

Country-m. Maſter, two days ago I did not think to ha' ſeen you alive at this time, which is a plain Indication to me, that your work is not yet done, and that you are preſerved to do more *Service* to the *Publick*; I'll help you as much as I can, and I think your Cauſe is ſo eaſily defended, that, in it, I believe an *Engliſh Country-man* may not appear ſo inconſiderable a Fellow.

The People at *London* tell me, That this Proſecution is an Original, and that they wiſh Her Majeſties *Enemies*, and not Her *Friends*, were Proſecuted; for Her *Majeſties Perſon* and *Government*, the *Rights* of *Parliament*, the *Liberties* of the *People*, all that is dear and valuable to *Engliſhmen*, are *Villifi'd* and *Libel'd* in the *Rehearſal*, *Whipping-Poſt*, *Mercurius Politicus*, and *Libels* innumerable; and tho' the whole Nation has Complain'd of theſe Papers, who of 'em are Bound over? But here one has caught you by the back with a Complaint, which will render him a wonderful *Polititian*, and very active in his *Maſters Affairs*; but I hope, Maſter, 'tis no Rule to judge of the Genius of a Kingdom by the People they employ in *Foreign Embaſſies*.

Now, Maſter, you have ſpoken againſt the *Pope*, the *Devil*, and all his *Works*. You have ſaid, that War ought to be declared againſt the *Pope*, for the Affront given the *Emperor*, and ſeveral Reaſons mentioned by you, which I have forgot; and I find the *German Papiſts* that reſide in *England*, remember it to your prejudice. And now, Maſter, I am furniſh'd with other Inſolencies of the *He-Whore* of *Babylon*, I'll giv'n that Title, let who will be Angry, 'tis all one to your *Country-man*, *Roger*.

The Queens *Gazette* of *Thurſday* laſt, ſays, *There has been warm Diſputes in the Aſſembly which is now held at* Warſaw, *by Virtue of the new Elected Kings Summons, concerning the* Pope's *intermeddling with the Affairs of their State:* And it's ſaid, *They have reſolved to write to the* Cardinal Primate, *to come thither from* Dantzick, *notwithſtanding the* Pope's Cenſure, *and at the ſame time to ſend a Remonſtrance upon this Subject to the Court of* Rome.

Send a Remonſtrance, Maſter! Send an Army, pull the Old *Officious Snarling Hound* out of the *Papal Chair*: A *Poor*, *Pittiful*, *Beggarly Prince*, whoſe Territories are not much larger than my Farm, and from whence our *White-Chapple Butchers* wou'd drive'n to his Father, the *Devil*. But, Maſter, I am come plum over to the ſide of the new Elected King of *Poland*: His Party are a parcel of Honeſt Fellows that dare take the Old *Hell-Hound* by the Noſe; Hang him, he muſt meddle with the Right of Crown'd Heads, muſt he? He'll Embarraſs the Confederacy by not determining the Point in Controverſie about the Affair of *Spain*, and at every turn put a Spoke in the *Publick Affairs*, and we muſt not talk of this Matter, muſt we not?

I proteſt, Maſter, it rejoyces my Spirit when I read the *Flying-Poſt* of Yeſterday, where it tells what Diet the Deputies had provided for his *Unholineſs*. The Author of that Paper is an Honeſt Fellow, I'll warrant'n, and I'll give him a Pot of *October* for telling us Honeſt things on his Paper. He tells us that the Deputies ſaid, *That the* Pope *was neither the Vicar of Chriſt, nor St.* Peters *Succeſſor, but a* Pharoah *that would cut off our* Liberty *with our* Faith, *and our* Faith *with our* Liberty. God a Mercy *Polanders*.

Obſ. Does he tell you that any of 'em were Bound Over for ſo ſaying?

Country-m. No, Maſter; but I have another Story of the *Popes* Roguery, on the ſame *Gazette* I before mentioned. It ſeems he has Affronted the *States*, for which they have taken a Reſolution to Baniſh four *Jeſuits* and a *Dominican Fryar*, for Oppoſing the Biſhop of St. *Sebaſta*, whom they had appointed *Vicar General* over the *Roman Catholicks* in that Country. And the *Pope* having cauſed the ſaid Biſhop to be ſeized in the Country of *Juliers*, they have further declared in their Reſolution aforeſaid, *That if the Court of* Rome *does not ſpeedily releaſe him, and give a Reaſonable Satisfaction to the* Roman Catholicks, *who are deſirous to have him their* Vicar General, *ſuch of the* Romiſh Clergy *as pretend to Oppoſe him, ſhall be proceeded againſt with due Severity.*

De'ye ſee, Maſter, what a Pother this Old Fellow at *Rome* makes all the World over? And every Body is allow'd to ſpeak againſt him and the Miſchiefs he does, but the *Obſervator* and his *Country-man*.

Obſ. No Body can hinder us from Speaking or Writing againſt the *Pope*; but the *Popelings* in *England*, behind the Scene, Act their part againſt us, and we have no *Foreign Envoy* to complain to, nor would I give one Half-penny for an Intereſt in a dozen of 'em; And what ever the pretence may be, I am ſure no Man can Juſtly accuſe me of being an Enemy to Her Majeſties Perſon or Government: But it ſeems our Miniſters have no Reſpect to ten thouſand good Services, thoſe are over-look'd, and the leaſt Slip or Miſcarriage is taken Notice of.

Country-m. Maſter, I have taken Notice of one thing in your Information on your laſt Proſecution, the *High-Flying Miniſtry* at that time pick'd and cull'd paſſages for an Information, out of thoſe very Papers wherein you had ſpoken the beſt things for the Intereſt of Her Majeſty and Government, ſo that they kept the true Cauſe of your Proſecution conceal'd; but that as you knew their Natures, ſo you might gueſs at what they deem'd Offenſive in that Paper. I'll

I'll give you an Instance in Number 11. of your First Volume, before I had the Happiness of being acquainted with you. In that Paper you make Remarks on Her Majesties most Gracious Speech to both Houses of Parliament, wherein you propose *Peace* and *Union*, *Moderation*, and a Spirit of *Meekness* among Her Majesties Subjects one towards another, as the true Path to our Happiness.

Now, Sir, you was the first that proposed this *Divine* and *Effectual* Rule for our Happiness, which the Sons of *Thunder*, the *Boutefeus*, the *High-Flying Party* knew very well would be the Ruin of their Cause, an Obstacle to the Pretenders Claims, and the ready way to settle Her Majesty on the Throne: This they did not put into the Information against you, for thereby they would have shown their Ears, and ha' exposed their Evil Opinions to Publick Censure, but they caught you with a *Why-not*, with something else in the same Paper.

This very Doctrine of *Peace* and *Union*, &c. which you first began to Preach up in Her Majesties Reign, and has been the common Subject throughout your Papers, is at last received by all, even Publish'd from the Throne, and Preached by the Eminent Clergy: 'Tis become a Sacred Doctrine, and acknowledg'd by all to be the only way to our true Happiness, and the steddy Settlement both of *Church* and *State*.

And for Preaching this Doctrine has the Sons of *Goliah*, the Men of *Strife*, the *High-Flying Reprobates* been on the Back of the poor *Observator*, he has been put to Hundreds of Pounds Charges for broaching those Doctrines, and proposing those Methods which are now so much Acknowledg'd and Applauded, as the proper Medicines for our Publick Diseases.

I could mention many other things which you have proposed, that have brought you under the Influence of an Evil Eye, which afterwards our Governours have been forc'd to comply with, as Expedients for our common Safety.

And who knows but some things now complain'd of, may in time be thought Rational, which at present by all true *Protestants* are thought Innocent, and Inoffensive; many things happen contrary to expectation. What is our Interest one Day is not the same another. We can only conjecture at what lies conceal'd in the dark Womb of Providence; and if Conjectures are Criminal, and Actions not, I know not what to make of it.

But, Master, tho' you are lain up by Sickness, we must not forget the *Publick*, and when I speak of it, I hope you'll be able to pop in a Word, and set me right if I step awry.

The *Enemies* of our *Peace* Abroad and at Home joyn in Consort to belye the Actions of the *Confederates*, to spread Abroad *False Stories* of our Weakness, as if we had nothing to relye upon, but the Success of our Expedition into the *Mediterranean*; which *Dyer*, the *News-Writer*, calls our *Sheet-Anchor*. But, Master, by the Accounts we have from thence, I am very well satisfi'd, that the Earl of *Peterborough* is now with his Ships in the Harbour of *Barcelona*, where their *Sheet-Anchor* won't give way, and of which we daily expect a Confirmation.

Another Story they have rais'd, that the Duke of *Savoy* is about making his Peace with *France*; which is a Story so very Rediculous, that instead of Prosecuting them at the *Old Baily*, I wou'd have 'em sent to the *Hospital* of *Bedlam*, to be Cur'd of their *Lunacy*.

Can there be the least pretence for such a Surmise, either from the Actions of that Duke, or from his present Circumstances? When his Capital City is out of danger of a Seige; the *Enemy* retir'd with Disgrace, and Afflicted with a violent *Contagion* in their *Camp*: That *Brave General*, the *Glory of Europe*, Prince *Eugene*, in a likelihood to relieve him, and he is daily Refresh'd with *Cordials* of *Success* from our Forces in *Catalonia*.

Besides, can it be thought that so *Brave* and *Wise a Prince* as the Duke of *Savoy*, at this Juncture, would *Capitulate* with the *Tyrant* of *France*, or accept of *Terms* from one that is a *Bankrupt*, from one that is a known *Breaker of Leagues* and *Solemn Contracts*, and whose *Power* is at the last Gasp?

How much has the Duke of *Savoy* Spent in this *War*? How have his Chief *Towns*, his *Countries*, nay, even his *Churches* been exposed to the *Rapine* of the *Enemy*? And all this Loss and Damage must be made good to him, and who so capable of making such a Reparation as the Queen of *England* and Her *Allies*? Who, upon the Conclusion of the *War*, will have Forfeited Lands enough, near his Territories, out of which to make him ample Satisfaction; and we are well assured that the Justice of the *Confederates* will fully Reward the *Integrity*, *Honour*, and *Resolution* of so *Great a Prince* as the Duke of *Savoy*.

Obs. I can't dislike what you have said; the Duke of *Savoys Envoy* will hardly Complain against you for it.

Country m. Master, you have said as Honourable things of the *Emperor*, and yet his *Envoy* has Complain'd of you——But let that rest——Master, I am Heartily sorry to see you in this Condition; we don't use to part with dry Lips; not one Glass of *October!* Well, Master, I'll drink by my self to your good Health, and I with you a good Repose with all my Spirit.

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